5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

539 some food and rested. Many were in the lodge who had started to war with him. They were now ashamed. They did not speak, either, but kept looking at the fire. After a long time the chief said: "I travelled on alone. I met a Snake. I took his scalp and clothes, and his weapons. See, here is his scalp!" And he held up the two braids of hair.

No one spoke, but the chief saw them nudge each other and smile a little; and soon they went out and said to one another: "What a lie! That is not an enemy's scalp; there is no flesh on it. He has robbed some dead person."

Some one told the chief what they said, but he only laughed and replied: —

"I do not care. They were too much afraid even to go on and rob a dead person. They should wear women's dresses."

Near sunset, Owl Bear called for a horse, and rode all through camp so every one could hear, shouting out: "Listen! listen! To-morrow we move camp. We travel south. The Piegans and Snakes are going to make peace. If any one refuses to go, I will kill him. All must go."

Then an old medicine man came up to him and said: "*Kyi*, Owl Bear! listen to me. Why talk like this? You know we are not afraid of the Snakes. Have we not fought them and driven them out of this country? Do you think we are afraid to go and meet them? No. We will go and make peace with them as you say, and if they want to fight, we will fight. Now you are angry with those who started [828] to war with you. Don't be angry. Dreams belong to the Sun. He gave them to us, so that we can see ahead and know what will happen. The Piegans are not cowards. Their dreams told them to turn back. So do not be angry with them any more."

"There is truth in what you say, old man," replied Owl Bear; "I will take your words."

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

When they reached the water's edge, Old Man picked up from the ground a dry buffalo chip and a stone. "Now, woman," he said, "you will tell me which one of these to throw into the water. If what I throw floats, your child shall live; the people shall live forever. If it sinks, then your child shall die, and all the people shall die, each one when his time comes."

The woman stood still a long time, looking from the stone to the buffalo chip, and from the chip to the stone. At last she said, "Throw the stone." Then Old Man tossed it into the river, and it sank to the bottom. "Woman," he cried, "go home; your child is dead." Thus, on account of a foolish woman, we all must die.

The shadow of a person, the Blackfeet say, is his soul. Northeast of the Sweet Grass Hills, near the international boundary line, is a bleak, sandy country called the Sand Hills, and there all the shadows of the deceased good Blackfeet are congregated. The shadows of those who in this world led wicked lives are not allowed to go there. After death, these wicked persons take the shape of ghosts (*Sta-au'*[1]), and are compelled ever after to remain near the place where they died. Unhappy themselves, they envy those who are happy, and continually prowl about the lodges of the living, seeking to do them some injury. Sometimes they tap on the lodge skins and whistle down the smoke hole, but if the fire is burning within they will not enter.

Outside in the dark they do much harm, especially the ghosts of enemies who have been killed in battle. These sometimes shoot invisible arrows into persons, causing sickness and death. They have hit people on the head, causing them to become crazy. They have paralyzed people's limbs, and drawn their faces out of shape, and done much other harm.

[1] The human skeleton is also called *Sta-au'*, *i.e.* ghost. Compare Cheyenne *Mis-tai'*, ghost.

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

but despite the unattractiveness of the wage, some of the ambitious still sought these jobs. Loyal service might be rewarded by a convenient marriage.

Although the poor man might raise his status by marrying the daughter of his rich employer, there were many times when he complained of continued exploitation after such a marriage. "Respect" did not always follow. Certain brave souls broke from the trying situation, but many knew that, if you were born poor, the ways and means of getting ahead fast were still few.

Squirrel Man, Yellow Wolf's poor son-in-law, stuck it out. His behavior bespeaks his frustrations. A year after marriage, the young groom brought his bride to her father's place. Here they were given a home of their own, "for Squirrel Man had nothing except what he got from his father-in-law for whom he worked from that time on." He sat in the Sun Lodge which his "chaste" wife put up, but it was her brother, Pointed Plume, who paid most of the expenses, made the large distributions at the give-away, and gained in prestige. Later, when Squirrel Man's sons wanted to farm, they had to borrow horses and wagons from their wealthy uncle. In time, "although he always acted like a brother to Pointed Plume," as one informant put it, the unhappy husband could tolerate his lot no longer. He feigned suicide when his wife persisted in visiting her brother; he flashed a mirror from the hill-top (a conventional invitation to assignation) in an attempt to bolster his ego and make his wife jealous—but in his case there was no eager mistress to answer it; he abandoned his wife and home, only to return meekly a short time later led by the agent; and as a final symbol of his castration, he hastily donned woman's clothes and hid when he was called by the court as a witness.[121]

Other young men preferred to work for the agency or white ranchers, for the money wages received from such employment offered a greater measure of independence. The poor young man no longer had to accept a patronizing handout from a rich relative; he no longer had to be a burden to a poor one. But despite the new opportunities, the economic advantage at marriage would still favor the sons of the rich. The poor young man might have secured some few cattle from a late issue; he might have bought a saddle horse for $100 and a fine saddle for $105; he might even have invested in a few horses, as indeed Ned Sloane did after years of working out. But all

[121] Here and in the case of the man who wanted to murder his wife because he believed she was sleeping with a ghost (see p. 51), abnormal behavior was laid to the eating of peyote. This is particularly interesting since peyote is rarely used by the Blackfoot. Squirrel Man got it from a visiting medicine man—one informant said he was a Crow, another an Osage—who put on a peyote cure for Mrs. Squirrel Man. The other secured the buttons while he was visiting the Crow.

824 Castilleja spp.

[524] Children rubbed the flowers on their bouncing arrows for color and shine.

[386] Arrow feathers were dyed a light yellow by combining them with the flowers and keeping them under pressure for a few hours.

[281] The flowers were used to shine and waterproof hides.

The color forms were considered the effect of age, the sequence moving from white to red to yellow.

824 Clematis verticellaris
715
755

The plant, a creeping vine, was called "ghost rope" because it covered trees and bushes in a mysterious way. The leaves were used in the removal of "ghost bullets" (supernatural objects that were shot into people by ghosts). The bullets were removed by a diviner either with a sucking tube or through a slit in the skin made by a flint. Then the leaves were boiled and applied to the place where the bullets were removed. Fainting [828] was often the result of coming near a ghost and the victim was revived with a smudge of the stem of this plant. At night, children wore the flowers in their hair to keep ghosts away.

824 Cornus stolonifera
773

According to a certain myth there was a time when the bark of this bush was white and not red. Naapi saw some gophers playing in the warm ashes of a campfire. They would bury each other in the ashes and when it got too hot they would cry out and the others would uncover them. Naapi joined the game and persuaded them all to get in the ashes. Only a pregnant gopher resisted and Naapi let her go, saying that she was necessary to propogate the species. Then he roasted the gophers and made a frame of cornus stolonifera which he used as a plate while he ate them. That was how the

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

The regalia consist of a string of deer ankle bones painted red to symbolize the deer, or that the bearer "holding these bones is likewise holding the feet of the deer." When hunting they may wear on the head a pair of rabbit ears, painted yellow, to give speed and endurance. In the members' individual bundles are also weasel and other skins for which there are special songs.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the ritual is the use of hypnotic power. There are four special songs for working this charm. In our collection of myths concerning this cult, we gave the narrative of a Piegan who came under the power of these songs.[1] Thus, it is said that a member painting his face yellow, taking up one of the skins and binding it on the head can hypnotize a person by looking in his eyes steadily and then making a sudden upward movement with the hands. After a time the operator wakes the subject, after which he is an undoubting follower of the cult.

We learn from Professor A. F. Chamberlain that the Kootenai have a black-tailed deer dance but for want of full published data cannot go into a comparative discussion. Naturally, the Blackfoot have the transfer and bundle conceptions concerning this ceremony as with other organizations.

Mr. Duvall secured a good account of the cult from Tailen Ashley, a mixed-blood Piegan, who introduced it among his people:—

> The dance is ceremonial and was introduced from the Kootenai. Those who do not believe in the dance and ridicule it, are thrown into a trance by those who have the power, and are then awakened and become followers. Each man and woman member has a song of his or her own and some have more. The songs are bought from members and a horse or other property paid for them. Sometimes new songs are dreamed.
>
> The dance is held in the evening, generally lasting through the night. Sometimes it is held four nights in succession. It may be given at any time, and is sometimes given the night before hunting, when it is usually dreamed where the game will be found. Sometimes a vow is made to give the dance for a sick relative. About midnight a feast is made. When the dance is given for a sick person all the dancers pray for him. If the members do not wish to dance they must remain standing to show their respect to the rest of the dancers.
>
> At the beginning of the dance a smudge of sweetgrass is made near the rear of the house or tipi. The leader holds both hands over the smudge, places his hands near his ears, one hand on top of his head, his right hand over his heart, over his mouth and nose, and then takes his place. All the members repeat the same movements. The leader rises and stands in the center of the floor, and all the members stand around him facing the center. He shakes a bunch of deer hoofs, and prays. Then he dances in place, then turns and dances around to his right, the others following him in single file, jumping up and down to represent deer. He stops, prays, and then dances as before. Then the man next to him takes his place and goes

[1] Vol. 2, 189.

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

794 through the same performance. While dancing they all sing and some carry bells to
796 keep time. Others hold both hands on their breasts as in the stick game. No
535 drums are used. It is thought that the more the dancers exert themselves during
[534] the dance the better will be the result of their prayers.
[928] Some members have hypnotic power. The prayers are for food, success in all
[789] undertakings, and protection against death. They pray to those who have given them power or songs in their dreams.

The origin of the dance is given in the following:—

794 A man had been ill for a long time and was not expected to recover. One time,
173 while still ill, those around him heard him try to sing and raise himself. He sup-
787 ported himself on a post, meanwhile humming. Then he returned to his bed, and said, "I have had a dream. A deer came to me and said, 'I have come to help you. I have taken pity on you. You see yonder hill. I will lead you to the top of it. Hold my windpipe, but if you pull my windpipe in two before we reach the top, you will die. If not, you will get well.' We went up the hill very slowly. When we reached the top, the deer said, 'There are four deer on yonder ridge which I will give you. When you kill them take out the windpipe and lungs of one of them as you see mine now. Be careful and do not cut them in two. Take them home and cook them and give a dance and eat them and you will be well.' That is why I got out of bed and held on to the post. I thought it was the deer." Then he said to the two men, "Go to yonder ridge and kill the four deer there. Butcher one of them as I was told in the dream and bring it to me." They returned with the deer. That night they held a dance, the black-tailed deer dance.

794 Before hunting, a deer dance is held, so they may dream where the game
[224] will be found. Sometimes the leader dances, holding a post with both
[789] hands with bells, deer hoofs or claws in one hand, and a handkerchief or skin in the other. Anyone who believes in the dance may join whether he has
[796] songs or not. Some of the regalia for the dance are: rabbit ears, deer
[237] claws and hoofs, feathers, plumes, mink skins, otterskins, sleigh bells, and deer tails, also weasel skins, owl and other feathers. Juniper is more fre-
[824] quently used for the smudge than sweetgrass. The members paint in
[302] red or yellow with a stripe across the forehead and one across the chin.

Some members have power to give ill luck and to charm game. When
794 game is killed by the members, they must not cut into the windpipe, nor give
789 the heart to the dogs. The head of deer must not be used by anyone as food,
224 nor must children be allowed to play with it or the hoofs. The reason that
[784] these taboos must be kept is that the member may be able to charm game. When they wish to go out to hunt, they set up a stick covered with cloth about twelve inches long at the rear of the tipi and make a smudge of juniper back of it. The men sing, but must not pass between the stick and the fireplace.

would be mixed with fat and boiled in water. 000

BANEBERRY (*Actaea rubra*): There are two species of this plant; one bears red berries, the other, white. Both types of berries are poisonous. But the roots, known as "black roots," were prepared to make a potent brew for coughs and colds. 824 757

BEARDTONGUE (*Penstemon*): Because of its flavor, this plant has come to be known as "tastes like fire." Its brew was used to treat stomachaches and cramps, as well as vomiting. 824 757

BEAR GRASS (*Yucca glauca*): Also known as yucca and soapweed, our People call this plant "sharp vine." The roots were boiled in water and used as a hair wash in ceremonies of tribes in the south. Physical breaks and sprains were bathed in the steam of grated roots boiling in water. The roots were also used as an antiseptic on cuts. 824 171 752

BERRIES: Some of the same berries used for food were also used for medicine. Serviceberries, for instance, were brewed to doctor people with stomachaches and liver troubles, even though too many serviceberries in one sitting could create stomach problems in themselves! The juice of ripe berries is still good for bloodshot eyes and flushing out foreign particles in eyes. 757 752

Chokecherry twigs were chewed to eliminate one's desire to smoke. 828 824

Gooseberry roots, gathered and boiled into a solution, treated various body odors—bad-smelling hair, stinky feet and armpits, and even bad-smelling ears. The offensive area was simply washed with the solution. 824 515

Strawberry leaves were brewed to be used as a wash for sore eyes. 757 824

Oregon grapes were boiled into a brew for sore kidneys. The bark of the root was used in a decoction for stomach troubles, mountain fever, kidney aches, and sometimes hemorrhages.

Rose hips, soaked in warm water, were

them back. Our people would ride alongside of them, and catching them by the feet, would throw them from their horses. A Blackfoot chased one Cree, who was so thoroughly frightened that he soiled his horse's back. The man was killed, and the horse taken by the Blackfeet. Only one young Blood on our side was killed. 726 159

We now returned to our lodges. Calf Shirt, father of the killed boy, waived the mourning custom. He said, "Be joyful, do not mourn for my son, you have killed many enemies and captured much." So in great glee our camps were moved back to our own country. 727 159

These are the principal adventures of my life. I am not in the habit of talking about them, for I am not a boaster. Only upon a few occasions when I lost my temper have I said that I was strong. All the People know me and my doings. I have had enough war and trouble in my time and know what it is. That is why I try of late years to keep the young men quiet. They do not know what they say when they talk of war. 159 [828]●

I was never struck by an enemy in my life, with bullet, arrow, axe, spear, or knife!

Red Crow's adventures on the warpath are typical of those experienced by most of our men back in the Old Days. His are honest and realistic accounts. In all, he took part in thirty-three war adventures, which was not unusual in the Old Days; that he was never injured was quite exceptional. 115

It was certainly not necessary for a man to be raiding continually in order to live the Old Ways. Many men were satisfied to test their courage once or twice and then obtain their needed horses in trade. Such men were either holy men, skilled doctors, exceptional hunters, or noted craftsmen. Any of these "occupations" brought a man respect and stolen horses in exchange for his services. 555 721 554

It is strange that Red Crow did not mention the last major battle in which the Bloods took 721 726

[p. 254-B]

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

439 wrapping paper, no paper sacks; our customers furnished their own
435 receptacles for their purchases. A pint cup, not a pound, was our standard of measurement. Sugar was twenty-five cents per cup; coffee, fifty cents; tea, fifty cents; flour, three cups for fifty cents; and so on. Tobacco was two dollars a pound; cartridges, two dollars a box; and other merchandise that we had in stock—red trade cloth, blue trade cloth, calico, gingham, needles and thread, baking powder, Chinese vermilion, axes, knives, pots, and frying pans—went at better than 100 per cent profit. Our prices exorbitant? No. The Pikunis were rich; meat was their staff of life, and they had plenty of it. All that we traded to them for their buffalo robes and furs were —except cartridges, knives, and axes—luxuries that they did not need.

342 White were the four hundred new, buffalo-leather lodge-skins of
532 the Pikuni camp; those of the Sun priests, medicine men, painted in vivid colors with symbols of their sky gods, sun, moon, and the stars, and the birds and animals of their visions, their dreams. At the rear top of every lodge-skin was painted in red and black a
[828] small figure resembling a Maltese cross. It was the symbol for the butterfly, believed to be the giver of good dreams.

262 So long as they had plenty of buffalo for the killing of them, no people anywhere on earth were happier, more content, than those of the Blackfoot tribes. Meat was *nitápi waksin*, "real food"; all other
461 eatables were *kistapi waksin*, "nothing foods." As meat and hides
462 were needed, the men hunted. That was not work; it was exciting sport. To the women fell all of the lodge work, yet they had much leisure time; none worked as hard as the average white farmer's wife.

512 With the break of day, the women started their lodge fires, and
515 the men, wrapped only in robes or blankets, herded their boys, from three-year-olds up, to the river to bathe. In summer, in winter, regardless of the weather, that was their daily custom. When unable to find open water, they dropped their wraps and rolled in the snow, then hurried home to dress. The baths, they said, inured them to the cold; enabled them to hunt and butcher their kills in severest
[343] weather without even freezing their fingertips. In summer the women daily flocked to the stream for a swim; in winter they had sweat baths in small lodges built for that purpose alone.

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

want me to be your sacred helper. Well, I think that I can . . . .' And then, seeming to see or hear something that frightened him, he went leaping back into the timber, and I awoke and could not sleep again."

"Oh, too bad. Too bad," his mother wailed. "And you so desirous to obtain a helpful vision. And so hungry, thirsty. Oh, I worry about you, here likely to be discovered by some enemy war party that may come along. Well, this day I shall sacrifice to Sun for you. Yes, I shall give him my best, elk-teeth-trimmed gown, pray him to give you quickly a helpful vision and let you safely return to us."

"Yes. Do that. And this I say to you: Do not return here until five nights have passed. Your coming disturbs me. I must be alone, have constant quiet in order to obtain a helpful vision. So now go, and I pray Sun to keep you safe, you three."

"Oh, my son, my son," his mother wailed. "You to lie here five nights without our help? Why, you would die from want of water."

"No. One can live longer than that without food or water. And it may be that I shall obtain my vision this coming night, or tomorrow night. And now go. It is that I must be alone and pray."

Soon after we returned to camp, Badger Woman made a tight roll of her beautiful, valuable, elk-trimmed ceremonial gown, went out and tied it to a limb of a tree. With fervent prayer she gave it to Sun; she sought the great sky god to protect Fox Eyes in his lone fast and to give him a powerful vision. And there the gown would remain, gradually disintegrated by wind and weather. None, not even an enemy war party, would dare to steal a gift to Sun.

Five mornings later I went again with the women to the faster in the niche in the cliff, and was surprised at the change in his appearance in that short time. Emaciated and pale, he lay upon his robe, and feebly he raised a hand to greet us. But he happily smiled and said, almost whispered: "I have been given that which I sought. Take me home.

"Last night, as I slept after long and earnestly praying," he began, "I, my shadow (soul, spirit), left my body and traveled far, crossing a great plain. After a long time I came to the edge of a valley and saw a river in it, and I was glad, for I was very thirsty. Down I ran to it, and to the murmuring of the swift stream. Never had I heard so pleas-

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

ant a sound; it cheered me, and again I cried out, as I had all the long way across the plain: 'Oh, pity me, Sun, and all you various ones of the shadow world. Be some one of you my sacred helper, that I may survive all dangers and attain old age.'

"I was looking down the river as I prayed. I heard a splash the other way and turning, there, almost beside me, was a certain water animal, sitting at the edge of the water and looking at me. He was so old that his fur was mostly white. 'Oh, young man,' he said to me, 'from afar I heard your cry for help, and so have come to you to be your sacred helper.'

"And then, mother, sister, *Apikuni*, that water animal, he talked with me a long time, telling me what I should do, how sacrifice to him, how call him to my aid when in need. But just what he said, just who he was, that I may not tell you. I wish I could, but you know that no one may reveal what is between him and his sacred helper, lest bad luck come to him."

"Yes, we know that; we will never question you about it, and oh, how glad I am for you. Well we know that all the water animals, even the smallest kinds of them, are Sun favored, and so very powerful. So come, my son, homeward we go," his mother said. His sister gave him her horse and rode double with her mother, and in the late afternoon we were back in camp.

The next evening, well recovered from his fast, for the first time in his life, Fox Eyes gave a feast-and-smoke, and all who were invited came—staid warriors and several sacred-pipe men, believed to be particularly favored by Sun. They drank the soup, ate the rich, broiled buffalo tongues set before them, and during the smoking of the four pipes afterward congratulated Fox Eyes on his endurance and the success of the fast. I was there with them, although I had no right to sit with such dignitaries. But many privileges were accorded the white brother of Fox Eyes.

As my almost-brother filled the pipe for the fourth time, and passed it to the man next on his left to light, he said: "My friends, I now have my sacred helper, but without a shield I cannot go to war. Who will make one for me if I provide the material for it?"

"I will," said Black Otter, oldest of the sacred-pipe men. "And I!

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Plenty of Buffalo Meat
(Told by Many-Tail-Feathers)

224 To DECOY AND SUDDENLY PUT TO DEATH a herd of buffalo, that is just what the prehistoric, nomadic, Indian tribes of our northwestern and Canada's western plains did whenever meat and hides were needed. [175] And they continued that activity into historic time, even up to a period definitely determined to have been somewhere around 1843–46. The Blackfoot, Crow, Assiniboine, Gros Ventre, and Kalispel Indian tribes all did it; but I shall tell only of the four Blackfoot tribes' way of it, as I have been an active member of them for sixty-three years and have heard their stories of it all many, many times. The Blackfoot belief that dreams are actual experiences of their shadows (souls) while their bodies sleep, and that Sun is the supreme god of earth and sky, enters into it all.

171 [123] [787] [828] [774] [776]

101 619 515 [787] To begin with, there are four tribes of the Blackfoot Indian Confederacy: the Blackfoot, Blood, and North Piegan tribes of Alberta, and the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfoot Reservation, Montana. Of all the story tellers (historians) of the four tribes, I considered Many-Tail-Feathers of the Montana tribe best of all. He died in 1925 in his nineticth year, and it was his father, also named Many-Tail-Feathers, who, because of his powerful dream, put an end to the decoying and slaughtering of buffalo herds by the four tribes. And so to my old friend's tale of it all, as follows:

173 224 In that very-far-back time our ancestors were but one large tribe, the Blackfeet. It was not easy for the hunters to obtain meat and

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

539 àpí. Nimoχtsískuiepìst. Nitsámmaχsì omá ponokấmitau, isóksksinau. A'sáninai omíisk iχ'tsóksksinàχpi. A'nnoχk annóma Pekániu ki apatóχtak mátsitstsìχ'pa ánni aχkanístsinimaie. Nistóa nínetsitapì ánni tánists. Sákinitapii Ninoχkyàioa ki Kyúiotokâ'n. A'nniksaie isksinímiaie. Nistóakauk A'paitsikìna.

head] said to me: How did you catch him? I told them: My whole body was my rope, I just jumped on him. Then they gave me a rope. I used it as a bridle. When I looked at the horse, [then I saw, that] his face was painted. It was red paint, he was painted with. Among the Peigans of nowadays and the people of long ago there has been nobody, that caught a horse that way. I am the only one myself, that has [literally: I have] done that. Bear-chief and Bear-head are still alive. They are the ones, that [literally: they] know about it. It is I myself, Weasel-moccasin [Many-guns is his name given in childhood, but his name of later years is Weasel-moccasin].

[Cf. UHLENBECK obt 84.]

Tatsey's sleep-walking.

539 Aisámóyi, nitsínakstsis, nitáipustuyimi, túkskaie kokúyi nitsókani, nitsitonóχkyoko. Nisótamepuau, nitsítsaks, annó niétaχtai nitsínapàtoχp. Annámaie ní's, ánistaua Makáii. Okóai nítsepitoto. Nitánik: Kitáikiχ'p? Nimátsitsipsatâuats. Nikákaikstsikiχ'kìni. Áχké nímoχtotsòk. Nitsipókaks, nitskétsokuyi, nímoχtaipaχpuyì. Nimátsksiniχ'pa amók nímoχtòtoχpi. Nitánistaua: Ni'sá, kipaχkápiòkit, nitsikítsikòp. Iχ'táiimiu. Nitánika: Kínitauto. Annóχk

Long ago, when I was small — I then was ten years old —, one night when I slept, I got the nightmare. I then got up, I went out, I went down that river. There was an uncle of mine, he was called Dwarf. I went to his lodge in the night. He asked me: What is the matter with you? I did not say anything. I only scratched my head. He threw water on me. When I woke up, I was so much scared, [that] I trembled from it. I did

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

kanistótoχpi, ánnimatanistòt. Nitánistau: Kimmòkit, nitsiiksíkop, aχkápiòkit. Nisótæmaχpokòmau. I'kskìnatsiu. Nitáiastâχkìχ'p nokóai. Nitsítanika: Kakó, anaχkyápomaχkàt. Nisótæmistapaχkài. Ki ostói stámoχkataχkàiiu. Kánnyaie nitsíu nitsínoχkyokoyi.

not know the way, I came. I said to him: My uncle, just take me home, I am very much afraid. He laughed at me therefore. He told me: You came alone. Now go back the same way as you came. I said to him: Pity me, I am very much afraid, take me home. He then went with me. It was very dark. I came near my tent. He told me: Go on, run home. Then I went away home. And he then also went home. And that way was my nightmare.

How a certain man came to be married.

Nitániko Kináksàpop ki nimátanikò Ksístapakainamàχka. Sótæmoχtòmaχk ki omí Nátokiòkàs, otsítopiχ'pi Sóàtsiχ'pòtamisò. Nómoχtsitòto, náχkaie ponokâ'mitaua, tsítoyìnau. Támsokaniu omá Pitséksinaitapiàke: Kitákaitòm. Tsítanistau: Kitáikipan. Itaníu: Sá, kimátaikipaniχ'pa. Tsitánistau: Taká? Itaníu: A'χkyàpsaipi. Nitánistau: A', tákaχkai annóχk. Ki áisiksìnauiskitakyatoièksistsikùsi áiistapistokyeksistsikùsi nitákotamatsitòto. Itaníu: A'. Sotámitòtsin, kánnyaie nimátsitòto. Tsítanistau: Tsánìua? Itaníu: Mátaipuyiu. Nitsítanik: Apinákusi tákatanistau. Itaníu: A'. Sótæmanistau: Tákototaki áinakàsi, tákoχtaχkàpiau. Itaníu: Kakó. Nisótæmaχkài. Tsitótaki áinakùsi, ki

I am called Little-plume, and I am called also For-nothing-many-guns. I then went to Two-Medicine river, where Came-up-over-the-hill-with-the-eagle-tail-feathers stayed. I came there, there was a horse, I went to catch him. Then Snake-people-woman [the wife of the man just mentioned] said: I will get you a wife. I told her: You are fooling. She said: No, I don't fool. I asked her: Who [is it]? She said: Charging-home. I said to her: Yes, I shall go home now. And two days after New-year I shall come back here again. She said: Yes. Then it came to time, [that] I came there again. I asked her [Snake-people-woman]: What does she say? She answered: She does not say anything. [Snake-

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

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Two Guns White Calf in Later Life

on the Milk River [the Teton], and I was born there on May 10, 622
1857. I know the exact spot where I was born because it was the cus-
tom of our people to wait until a child was old enough to remember [823]
clearly—when the child had attained the age of perhaps five or six [828]
years—and then to take the child back to the place of his birth and to
rub his head in the dirt so that the memory of his birthplace would
stay with him always. Most Indians of my generation did not know 622
the exact date of their birth, but I know my birthday because when I 797
was born there was a Jesuit priest visiting our camp and the priest
recorded my birth in his book. When I was quite a bit older, this
same priest visited my family once again, and it was at this time
that he christened me James. I do not know the priest's name in
English; we Piegans knew him by his Indian name, Marten Cap"
(in all probability, Father Imoda).

I knew that the Chief's father had been Onistáipokah, who later 622
became Head Chief of the Piegans, and that his mother had been
Black Snake Woman, but I had very little actual knowledge of the
Chief's siblings and I asked him if he would tell me something about
his brothers and sisters.

"I had five brothers and five sisters. All of us boys were named 622
Gun: my eldest brother, who was known as Wolf Tail, was named 551
Strange Gun; I was second eldest, and my name was Last Gun,
which was the name of my father, although later on my uncle, Run-

55: Fisher E-5 (1962-1963) 1983 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

124 taining instrumental values, male roles and male informants
021 were emphasized. Another concern directing the study to-
023 ward males was the Blood view of relations between Blood women and male outsiders. This view can be characterized as "suspicion." Thus, in order to maintain rapport and to maximize the amount of interview data it was decided to limit interviewing to men.

828 The age group was selected for another reason. In Blood Indian society, as in many Indian societies, there is no handy cut-off point beyond which children change into
561 adults.[7] Unlike the white communities surrounding the Re-
124 serve which maintain discrete categories such as "babies," "children," "teen-agers," and "adults," the Reserve equivalent age-grade categories are blurred. Blood did have and still retain portions of an age-graded social system for adults, but even these categories are not universal. Thus, to a Blood Indian, young people are individually characterized and only vaguely discerned in terms of absolute age categories. Since the Blood have no sub-adult category it was thought best to bracket that age group analogous to our "teen-age-young adult" categories. This was done to provide a contrast with the adult and Reserve-wide samples collected by the Spindlers in their field study, and to provide some possible insights into the prospects for acculturation during the coming years.[8] The group selected represents the next